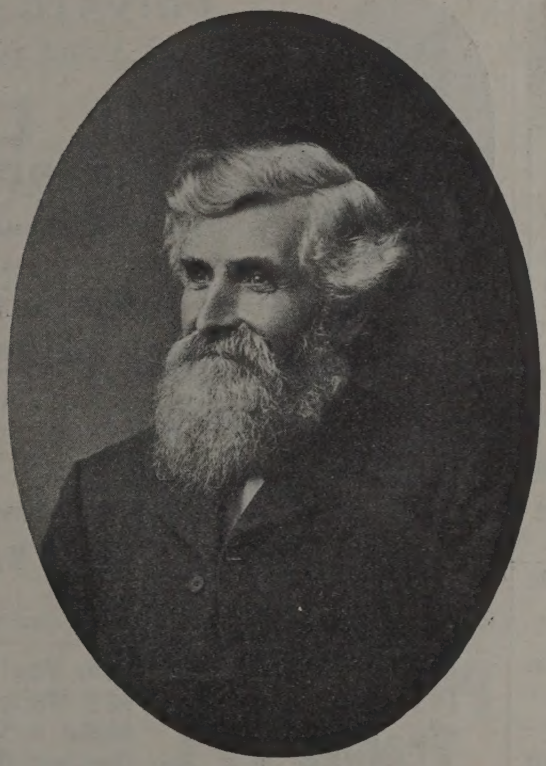
Volume LXI CHICAGO, JUNE 18, 1908 Number 16

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion



JOHN LLOYD JONES.

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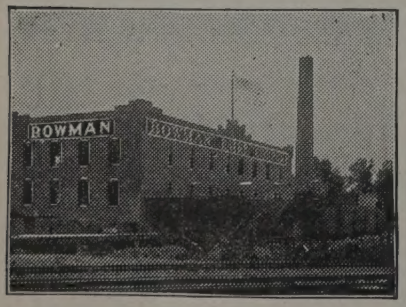

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI | THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1908 | NUMBER 16

A SONG OF HARVEST.

What of the brave?
Is it naught
That they laboured and fought,
That they wrote and they wrought?
It is well, it is well with the brave,
Though the end of the day be dark night,
and the end of their life but a grave.

What of the wise?
Is it naught
That they dreamed and they thought,
That they questioned and sought?
It is well, it is well with the wise,
Though the lips that have spoken be dumb,
and the vision hath died from their eyes.

What of the seed?
Is it sown?
Right and left it is thrown,
And has sprouted and grown.
It was scattered afar through the land,
In the morning the sower went forth, in the
evening he held not his hand.

What of the corn?
'Twill unfold
O'er weald and o'er wold
With a promise of gold.
And they who have toiled and are dead,
Live again in the joy of the harvest, are
known at the breaking of bread.

—*R. H. U. Bloor.*

The appointment of Ernest Bicknell, the present head of the Associated Charities of Chicago, to be the Director of the National Red Cross Society with headquarters at Washington, adds one more to the long list of competent men in the higher industries of life whom Chicago has lost. Its charities as its pulpits have suffered continuous depletion by the transfusion of the red corpuscles in its veins into the bodies more or less anæmic situated elsewhere. But what is Chicago's loss is the nation's gain, and, realizing the truth of Emerson's dictum that "that cannot be good for the bee that is not good for the swarm," we rejoice in this strengthening of the swarm, in whose strength the Chicago bee flourishes.

We have frequently taken pleasure in calling attention to the "Free Synagogue Movement" under the leadership of Stephen S. Wise of New York. In the April number of the *Free Synagogue Pulpit* Dr. Wise sets forth the religion of the Hebrew prophets and he urges that "righteousness was the substance of religion as they taught it and ritualism its shadow." The prophets were "awakeners of the social conscience." Again, they were "statesmen patriots" verifying the poet's lines—

"He who loves his country loathes her shame."

He concludes that they were builders of that City of God—

"The foundations of which are holiness, the walls justice, the pillars righteousness, the dome love; that City of God which shall yet be the Temple builded by human hands—its foundations the whole earth, its wall the horizon of human brotherhood, its dome the heavens of the Divine Fatherhood."

If this was the function of the prophets of old, who are their successors today? What would Isaiah and Jeremiah and the rest of them be preaching about today did they live in New York or Chicago?

We have often called attention to the great value of the too much neglected publications issued by municipal, state and national governments. Sometimes these publications are augmented by what seems to be an unnecessary burden of technical figures. Always they are handicapped by a certain forbidding perfunctory pamphlet form with too small type and too poor paper. These objections are reduced to the minimum in a most suggestive publication of 340 pages issued by the government printing office at Washington. It consists of a most exhaustive discussion of juvenile crime and reformation, by Arthur MacDonald, honorary president of the Third International Congress of Criminal Anthropology of Europe, given before a committee of the house of representatives of the last congress, of whom Representative Jenkins of Wisconsin is Chairman. Much of this matter is of the technical kind that only experts and specialized students can fully understand, but much of it also is such as will interest any intelligent parent, teacher or preacher. The most interesting is probably the profuse illustrations of the various instruments of precision devised for the measuring of the movements and dimensions of lips, tongue, palate, eyes, ears and innumerable muscles, all of which are related to the mental and moral characteristics of the child. The government may well be reminded of the old adage, "You can lead a horse to water but you cannot make him drink." UNITY would like to persuade its readers to send for this pamphlet and then to take a drink from its waters.

The *Congregationalist* has a recent editorial on "The Marked Advance of the Baptists." One element in this advance, as we understand our exchange, is discovered in its organizing tendency, its search

after efficiency, learning from the economic success of "large business interests." This may be very hopeful for the multiplying of Baptists but it has its dangers. What if after all the ultimate triumph of the Baptist church is not the perfecting of a great organization, a conserving of great money interests, but the further vindication of Roger Williams, the principal of free thought in religion and untrammeled fellowship, the open church and the free mind. In this direction lies the ultimate triumph of the Baptist church and we rejoice in certain holy flirtations now going on between the Baptist churches of Chicago and the other Baptist churches of Chicago commonly known as the Disciples of Christ. They both practice immersion, but the progressive ministers in both denominations, if we mistake not, are troubled to know, just where immersion should begin and where it ends in the religious life, at least in the scheme of social religion, the organization of men in the interests of the kingdom here and now. They may not unite; perhaps they had better not until the union is a genuine one, but we venture the opinion that a failure to unite will make the best men and women, lay and clerical, on both sides of the baptismal tank, a little sorry if not ashamed, and they will keep on thinking. And the Baptists will triumph, not in a great denominational compact, but in a great translation, where they lose themselves on the upward slide; sacrificing the lower to the larger life. Thus will their Christ be glorified and the kingdom of their God enlarged.

A remarkable demonstration was witnessed in Chicago last week when a condemned man was rescued, temporarily at least, from the gallows at the last moment. The grewsome structure was reared and the time for the death march was overdue when Judge Landis of the United States court granted the privilege of a new trial. The condemned is accused of the mysterious murder of an entire family. The courts, the pardoning board and the Governor found no reason to doubt the guilt of the accused, but the Father Confessor led a most strenuous campaign for his reprieve, in which he was joined by an increasing multitude of citizens. Great public meetings were held in the middle of the day and strong men joined their tears with those of the priest and the women and children. A volunteer committee of twenty-five hastened to Springfield and had a midnight audience with the Governor; they pled for a commutation of the death sentence to life imprisonment, pending the still open question in their minds of the innocence of the accused, but the Governor was unyielding. The humane devotion of the priest in this case commands the respect of all those who came under its influence. Speaking from the vantage ground of a priest and a confessor, he believed in the innocence of his communicant. The guilt or innocence of this particular prisoner aside, the event is one more eloquent appeal for the abolition of legal murder. Assuming the guilt, one more murder will not bring back to life the lamented victims. It is very doubtful whether one more death, though it be under the sanction of law, will have as much deterring influence upon other possible murders as the less spectacular and more grewsome doom of a life's punishment within prison walls. At any rate, the growing sensitiveness of conscience, individual and civic, to the destruction of life, under any conditions, is a most commendable and encouraging sign of progress. The state will deserve and receive more loyal support, life grow more sacred and law more imperative when Black Friday with its grewsome gallows and its awful fruitage will be no more. Hanging, as a state activity, has steadily decreased with the growth of civilization. Its utter abolition is certain; let that day be hastened.

The June number of *Religious Education,* the organ of the Religious Educational Association, reprints an article from the *Interior* by Rev. W. C. Covert of the Forty-first Street Presbyterian church, Chicago, on this organization, based upon its last general meeting. After commenting upon the comprehensive scope of the organization, counting among its officers as it does, eminent educators as well as preachers from the various sections of the country, as well as various forms of faith, he confesses to two surprises: one, "the conservative disposition of the convention." He characterizes the papers as "sane and wise, saturated with a character-saving evangelism." The second surprise was "the general interest of the people at large in the movement." UNITY would have been glad if it might have saved the brother from these "surprises." Wherever men of thought, particularly those burdened with the responsibilities of teaching, grapple with the problems of religion, they are perforce devout, earnest and constructive. Indeed, the "religious statesmanship" as well as the "constructive teaching" that come to us today come more from academic than from any other sources. It is from the students, the scholars, the "higher critics," if you please, that the renewed interest in the Bible and a fresh appreciation of its contents is coming today. "He restored to me the Bible" was the word of one of Dr. Covert's predecessors concerning Dr. Briggs when he was under Presbyterian fire for his radicalism. And again, UNITY could have assured its neighbor that "the people at large" are always and increasingly interested in every movement that looks towards a larger unity, a coming together of the forces of religion. Every sincere attempt to cross lines, to bring the denominations together, to ignore sect and creed differences in the interest of sect and creed harmonies is promptly met with a response on the part of "the people at large." Perhaps the highest service the R. E. A. is to render is to teach the preachers and the deacons that "the people at large" will not much longer continue to encourage by their presence and support the dogmatic dissecting interpretations of religion. Some kind of a togetherness

is in the air, and it is for the educators to lead in this movement.

John Lloyd Jones.

It would be affectation and not modesty in the Senior Editor of UNITY to deny a place in the columns of UNITY for a word of grateful tribute to the memory of one who throughout its entire life was a tireless reader of its columns, an indefatigable worker for the cause it represents, a humble missionary of the gospel of Unity with the justice and the brotherhood implied therein, because he was a brother in the flesh as in the spirit.

Perhaps all that the Senior Editor could or would say was best said in the few sentences that were given him to utter in the little Unity Chapel in Hillside Valley on Sunday, June 7, where the body of the patient farmer rested among the flowers and in the presence of the tearful community who had learned to love, trust, and in many ways to follow the quiet farmer.

John was the second child of a family of eleven, seven of whom came across the Atlantic with the adventurous parents who sought the wilds of Wisconsin over sixty-three years ago. Fortunately his life struck its earliest conscious roots in his birth land, and the "Old Country" was ever to him a dear country. The hills, valleys and hedges, with the traditions and associations connected therewith, were a part of the beauty and wealth of his life. He came early into the family, being the second born, so that the "mother tongue" was ever to him "y iaith y glyn"—"the language of the knee." The mother-taught hymns, by the reciting of which he kept himself awake as a shepherd lad on the mountain side, were dear to him to the end of life. The bards of the larger faith and brave pioneer preachers of the Unitarian faith, whose words were the inspiration of his stalwart father, ever remained as treasure trove in the mind of the son.

But on account of this and not in spite of it, this Wisconsin farmer was every inch of him an American. No member of the family, perhaps no man of his countryside, kept such close tab on current affairs, was so intimately acquainted with the details of public administration in state or nation as this ardent citizen who believed with all his heart in the democracy of God and, if we dare use the phrase, the essential aristocracy of every child of God. The little Unity Chapel in the valley and the services that antedated it and outreached its confines in time and space, found in him their most self-denying builder, supporter and advocate, for he was on the liberal, the freedom side in religion and in politics.

But we must not repeat what our readers will find hinted at elsewhere. His highest service to the country, one to which he gave great consecration and which brought to him sweetest reward was that which as a county commissioner he gave for many years to the county wards, the dependent at the Poor Farm and the asylum for those defective in mind, a trust which many years ago he passed over into the hands of the younger brother, James, who succeeded him, the memorial words for whom are alas! still fresh in the memory of many of UNITY's readers.

For the benefit of the many distant friends of "Uncle John" who may read this notice, some of them beyond the seas, we must add that the last years of his life were years of pathetic suffering, persistent pain, endured with patient fortitude. The incurable cancer claimed the good right hand which, after much suffering, was amputated; but the merciless disease retreated farther up the arm and another operation but prolonged for a time the inevitable end, and in the fullness of the seventy-sixth year of his life the humble, diligent, industrious farmer, the genial, generous neighbor, the public-spirited postmaster, gave his body to rest with its kindred in the little burial ground guarded by Unity Chapel, and his memory to that countryside that will long remember the man who had no enemies, whose only foes were the foes of freedom, of temperance and of the open gospel of love to God and love to man. The wife, three of the four children that were given them, four sisters and two brothers, a goodly company of nephews and nieces, and the long line of boys and girls of the Hillside Home School who had learned to love "Uncle John," as well as the surviving pioneers who with him helped to open up the new country, to plan homes in the wilderness and to subdue the wayward sward to cultivation, remain to call his name blessed, to emulate his example, and now to appreciate as never before the ethical value of his simple earnestness and fearless directness.

The Republican Convention.

The little school house at Ripon, Wisconsin, which claims to be the cradle in which the Republican party was born, March, 1854, is still in existence—a picture of it is given above. Alvin E. Bovay of this town is accredited as being the first to suggest the name "Republican" to Horace Greely of the *New York Tribune* for the party that was to cut loose from the entanglements of the day and to declare against slavery and to oppose the expansion of the same.

The first call, which appeared in the Ripon *Herald* of February 29, 1854 (which obviously means March first, for there were not twenty-nine days in February that year), read as follows:

> "NEBRASKA. A meeting will be held at 6:30 o'clock this (Wednesday) evening at the Congregational church in the village of Ripon to remonstrate against the Nebraska swindle.
> (Signed) "MANY CITIZENS."

An adjourned meeting was held at the school house where it was—

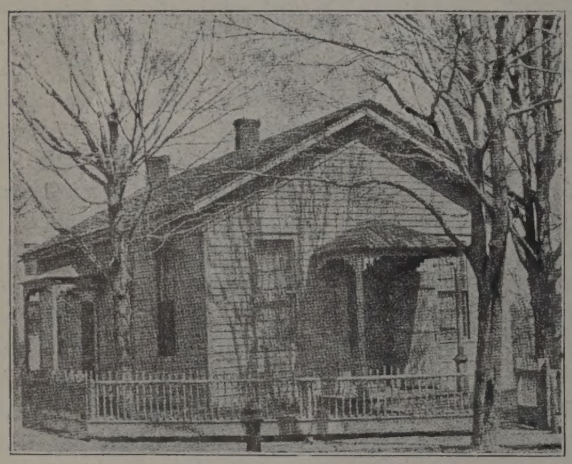
> "THE NEBRASKA BILL. A bill expressly intended to extend will be the call to arms of a great Northern Party, such a one as the country has not hitherto seen, composed of Whigs, Democrats and Freesoilers; every man with a heart in him united under the single banner cry of 'Repeal!' 'Repeal!'"

Still later the Ripon *Herald* contains the following call and appeal:

"The Nebraska bill. A bill expressly intended to extend and strengthen the institution of slavery has passed the Senate by a very large majority, many northern senators voting for it and many more sitting in their seats and not voting at all. It is evidently destined to pass the House and become a law, unless its progress is arrested by the general uprising of the north against it.

"*Therefore*, We, the undersigned, believing this community to be nearly or quite unanimous in opposition to the nefarious scheme, would call a public meeting of citizens of all parties, to be held at the schoolhouse in Ripon on Monday evening, March 20, at 6:30 o'clock, to resolve, to petition and to organize against it. Signed, J. Bowen, A. Loper, T. L. Reynolds, A. E. Bovay, and fifty others."

At this point, then, in time and space, the historians come to a practical agreement as to the birthplace and date of the great party which this week over-



Birthplace of the Republican Party, Ripon, Wisconsin

PURSUANT to a call published in the Ripon Herald, a meeting was held by men of all parties at the Congregational Church, Feb. 29th, 1854, to discuss the "Nebraska Swindle," and vigorous resolutions were passed against the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill by Congress, and for a new party to be organized, "such an one as the country has not hitherto seen, composed of Whigs, Democrats and Free Soilers," to accomplish its repeal if passed. Three days previous the moving spirit, Alvan E. Bovay, wrote to Horace Greely, of the New York Tribune, suggesting a new party under the name "Republican." It becoming evident that the bill would pass, a second meeting was held at the school-house—shown in the above picture—where steps were taken, cutting loose from the established parties; but, acting under the advice of Bovay, no name was adopted, it being thought that while the name Republican seemed most suitable, a formal christening should not be by so small a body of men. See Wilson's History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America, and Flower's History of the Republican Party for full recognition of the claims of Ripon, Wisconsin, as the birth-place of the party.

flows the great hotels of Chicago, to welcome which the city is made radiant with flags and electric lights. This party which fifty-four years ago last March was born in a little school house in a frontier village of Wisconsin is boisterous if not blatant over its past prowess, present domination and its future prospects.

We write before the great convention is called to order. The result is apparent already. Its proceedings promise to be as void of real deliberation, initiation or spontaneity as those of a slot machine. Drop a nickle and the machine works and presently the package of pepsin gum appears; or, if this figure is too plebeian, the directing hand in a far-off city touches the button and the complex machinery starts; the mill is going. Already the successful candidate is named and the "platform" is apparently not only framed but put together, and in due time it will be offered for spontaneous applause and adoption.

There would be something sublime in this mighty machine so effectively constructed, so conquering in its weight and mechanism, were it not so ominous. The venerable gray heads who remember the singleness of purpose, the sincerity and directness which ever belong to an inspired minority, a big hope that for the time being seems well night forlorn, can scarcely recognize the identity of the party today that has so entangled itself with the prosperities, the mighty commercial combinations, the dangerous dreams of imperial power, the sad exercise of invading prowess, the anti-republican talk of "conquests," "possessions," "dependencies," "expansions" and "colonies," and, worse than all, the recrudescence of the war spirit at a time when the economists as well as the philanthropists of the world are planning and praying for the disarmament of the nations.

The "Republican Party" looms large in the national landscape this week. The pronouns "I," "WE" and "OURS" will appear in large caps. But the "Republican Party" is a curious entity if indeed in the eyes of the philosopher and the moralist it is not a curious non-entity. Its representative at the White House, who has swayed multitudes by his enthusiasm and courage, is a man who has done things, has conviction, to which he has given vigorous expression and effective embodiment on many lines, for which the people are manifestly grateful. The popular support given to the President is an assurance of the soundness at heart of the American republic.

But it goes without the saying that each contention of the President and every innovation has been an offense to the men and machines that have been and still are scheduled as the assets of the Republican party. The questions of the day,—free trade, on the part of the nation that can no longer put forth the baby cry of "infant industries," the curbing of the commercial trusts and industrial combinations, the better protection of the laborer, particularly of the laboring women and children, the rescuing of the great resources of nature and the natural monopolies of organized society from the exploitations of the few and dedicating the same to the service of the many, the curbing and final suppression of the demoralizing traffic in that strong drink that is always "raging" and the wine that is always a "mocker," and the attendant iniquities and degradations; and, above all, the completion of the high task which called the party into being fifty-four years ago,—the obliterating before the law the artificial, cruel and unscientific distinctions of color; an uncertain distinction then, an impossible distinction now. The call for the abolition of race domination, partiality and injustice then was based on a theory; now it can be confidently based on a demonstration. The black man's claim for political equality, economic justice and the open road for such social education, spiritual amenities and achievements as may be rightfully won, is based on the solid facts of history. The so-called "black men," over one-half of which have more white

blood than black in them, have proven themselves fearless on the field of battle, equal to the tasks and oftentimes triumphant in the tasks of the college and university, capable of achievements in the arts and sciences, worthy of confidence in places of trust, and with a capacity not only to earn but to save money, to become homemakers, land-owners, patrons of libraries, makers and publishers of books and papers.

This theory fifty-four years ago the Republican party espoused. *In hoc signo vinces*—by this sign they conquered. It is or ought to be the Republican party's demonstration today, and to disown or in any way abandon this demonstration is to prove once more the pathetic truth that an heroic ancestry may be humiliated by a degenerate posterity.

The "proceedings" of the convention this week will fill the front pages of the papers of America with display type which will not mean much. Printer's ink and capital letters are cheap. But the friends of civilization will wait with great anxiety to see whether perennial youth and prophetic leadership are possible to a political party, or does half a century measure the ethical life, the spiritual leadership of a political party with such heroic ancestry, such tempestuous training and stalwart youth as were given to the Republican party.

Perchance in some village school house on some byway of America another child has been or will be born that will bear the banner of democracy forward, complete the task which the Republican party so well began, but to which in its old age it proved inadequate if not recreant. In these convention days, representatives of both or all parties know the high cost of a nomination; they may estimate the cost of an election, but the price of a permanent power and of the gratitude of unborn generations is simple honesty, uncalculating integrity, the foolishness of the prophet and the recklessness of the saints. George Eliot's dictum is as true in politics as it is in religion, —"That cannot save sinners which does not satisfy saints."

To "Uncle John".

(*Sent to him during his illness.*)

This is a man born to the fields,—
  To mountain, valley, hill and plain,—
To haying in the summer sun,
  To plowing in the spring-time rain;

He loved the orchard, watched the corn
  Grow full and ripe, with grateful eye,—
And ever in his simple heart
  There 'rose a prayer to God on high;

No laggard he,—the breaking day
  Awaked him with the singing birds,—
And evening found him still among
  The patient sheep and lowing herds.

And see how God, the "evener,"
  Adds leaven to our heavy lives,
And lifts our hearts though we may be
  Housebound, and suffering in pain's gyves:

What fruit so mellow, ripe and fine
  As this that grew on Friendship's tree,—
What grain so perfect as that grown
On this fair field of Memory,—
  Where sings the bird on bush or tree
  Like this love song we send to thee.

ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

THE PULPIT

A Loyal Life

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES AT THE FUNERAL OF JOHN LLOYD JONES AT UNITY CHAPEL, HILLSIDE, WISCONSIN, JUNE 7, 1908.

Once more it becomes my difficult task to forget that I am a brother, to rise above the ties of blood and the bonds of family love. As such, my place, as you know, is down there where tears are permissible and silence is just. But it is for me to speak as a citizen and still more to speak for neighbors and friends.

Forty-five years ago John Lloyd Jones, in the vigor of young manhood, in the sincerity of an honest purpose, in the strength of a sincere will, came among you. Forty-five years ago John Lloyd Jones came into this valley to work; he looked for naught but the privilege of toiling; he welcomed the baptism of sweat.

You know the sequel; you know that whoever went and whoever came, he stayed at his post. You know that however fortunes might change, or issues might vary, John Lloyd Jones, the stalwart, could be trusted. His neighborly willingness was unfailing; his loyalty to school district, town, county, state and nation was unquestioned, and his service as a citizen, as a voter, and as an officer, needs no recounting here. The roads on which we travel, the bridges we trust, the records of the town, the story of the poor and the orphaned of the county, all bear testimony to the service of John Lloyd Jones. What, forty-five years ago, was largely unplowed and unfenced openness around here has been changed into gardens and fields and homes, and John Lloyd Jones witnessed the change and contributed to it.

But before this valley knew him, his life, through thirty-two or more years, reached back to the bleak hills of Wales, where, as a shepherd lad, with his dog, he was loyal to his trust, and later as a pioneer boy, in the clearing of Jefferson County, Wisconsin. With his axe and maul, with ox team and horses, with the duties and burdens that belong to the pioneer, the chopping of trees, the rearing of log-houses, the introduction of the first wagon, the first horse, the first threshing machine into the settlement, Brother John was in it and of it all.

So I stand here this morning with you, feeling the utter helplessness of trying to estimate the significance of these seventy-six years,—over three-quarters of a century,—every year of which was touched with unspotted purity, every year of which was consecrated in disinterested service; every day, month and year of which was interwoven with humility, gentleness, and a loyalty that did not bargain with weakness.

You know it all, but neither you nor I can estimate it or speak of it. As a brother I must be silent; as a citizen I have a right to speak. As a friend and neighbor to you all, through many of these years I have shared your hopes and joys, your pleasures and your griefs. I recall with you this golden thread upon which are strung the precious beads of beautiful memories; how beautiful we never could realize as well as we do this morning; how strong the thread was we never before were so able to measure as we are today.

But I must forget both my kinship and my citizenship if I am, however inadequately, to speak the word of this morning. Nothing less than the words of a minister of religion, an interpreter of faith can befit

this occasion, for John Lloyd Jones was a man of faith. Thank Heaven, he had a religion which was not a matter of phrases, or of formalities, but a matter of realization and exemplification. "John L." wrote his creed in the life that you have all known, he justified his faith in the loyalty that you are witnesses to. John Lloyd Jones' religion was a religion based in the love of justice and an enthusiasm for humanity.

Twice only in his life did the wandering foot plague Brother John. Once when, in his minority, the rights of the slave seemed to be endangered, the cause of freedom menaced, then the naked prairies of Kansas beckoned John, O how they beckoned him! Not with the spirit of adventure, not that he might enter into broad acres and open up for himself the career which is so inviting to a young man of spirit, but that he might be there at the critical time and cast in his vote for freedom. O, how it tugged at him, and how to his dying day he remembered the call of "bleeding Kansas."

Once again and once only came the disposition to break away from the near duty and the home call, to him so binding. This was when the flag was endangered in 1861. The only strain that ever came between me and my brother, the only dispute that ever engaged us, was as to who should go, and, as usual, he accepted the harder task, yielding to me the lighter, the easier and less responsible position of the private in the front, while he stood back and served his country more efficiently with the sweat of his brow and the toil of his hands.

I think I am just to my brother's memory when I say that the deepest things in his life, the highest choice of his soul, after the delights and peace of the fireside and his wonderful fidelity to the home, were the services he was enabled to render as a soldier for freedom.

O, he believed in God, did John, and he held this belief in the most potent and vital fashion, by believing in all God's children. I had rather enter into the inheritance of his loyalty to the black man and the Indian, to the enslaved and the ignorant, than to wear the crown that bespeaks the blood of aristocracy or the complacency of power and position.

To speak of John Lloyd Jones' faith is to speak of two things. I have already alluded to one. Let me try to state this again for the benefit of these boys and girls who have entered into an inheritance they can little appreciate; I mean his unspeakable faith in the brotherhood of man, his consecration to the ideals of freedom.

His first presidential vote was for John C. Fremont, and however issues may have changed and however confusing the sidelights and the complexities of politics which may have entangled him in his later days, he was ever loyal to what he deemed to be the party of liberty; to what he understood to be the life commission of John C. Fremont and Abraham Lincoln. He believed in man, all men; any rag of humanity, black or white, bond or free, was sacred to him, because he believed in God and was willing to accept all of God's children as such. He would take counsel of no side issues, he knew nothing of the refinings and the confusions of later day planning and plottings. He only knew that the black man was a man; he only knew that freedom was the birthright of all men; he only knew that God was the God of all, and that history ever makes for more freedom and more brotherhood.

The second point in Brother John's creed was the creed which was exemplified and not written, the creed of the pure life and the sober habit. The rest of us may talk about temperance, he lived temperance. The only temptation in his life,—and I take pleasure in speaking of it here,—to defy the established order, as some of you will remember, was when once and once only he soiled his lips, as he felt, with the touch of liquor, that he might more efficiently help drive it out of Spring Green and enforce the sobriety in which he believed.

It is no small thing for a man in this country of indulgence to so live through more than seventy-five years of life and to live the last of it through awful pain and suffering, and still preserve, unstained and unsullied, his full powers of mind and spirit. In the last strains of his suffering he said, "No anæsthetics; they would blur my mind. I will have none of them." He welcomed suffering rather than any encroachment upon his personality and individuality. And so John comes to us on his burial day to testify through the splendid years of his life, the sufficiency of temperance and sobriety.

So we rejoice in the triumph of Brother John on these two great lines of practical piety, his loyalty to freedom and his witness to sobriety, his service to the negro and to the cause of temperance.

But, though John's faith was of this practical kind, I am glad that his life struck conscious root into the simple, devout life of Wales. I am glad that he brought across the sea an attitude of mind, a temper of spirit, a devout heart, which I fear this country might not have given him, which it certainly has failed to give to many who have followed after him.

I cannot today try to phrase it, but religion and church sanctities, the prayer and hymn connected therewith were indeed welcome instruments of grace to Brother John. It was no formal worship he had to offer. He begrudged no service brought to this little temple dedicated to worship and to service. It was easy for him to rest in the thought of the Eternal; it was natural for him to phrase life and to interpret the world in terms of trust and faith, and no anxiety more tender or more beautiful haunted the heart of him who was indeed, without the title and without the pretensions, a deacon in the church of the Eternal God, than his anxiety for the future of this chapel and of the hopeful gospel it represents. No fear haunted his later years more deeply than that this little shrine might be neglected and its ministrations underestimated by those who come after us. It was with broken phrases and feeble voice at the last communion I enjoyed with him on these high themes, that he spoke to me of these anxieties.

O, he believed in education, and his service along these lines witnessed to it. He wanted the best privileges that the college and the university could give to his children and to others' children, you know that. But John, with a clearness of vision too rare, saw far beyond these a preparation for life and an equipment of the soul which text-books and the training connected therewith can never adequately give. He saw that the education that can be witnessed to by diplomas may leave the soul very drear and blank. He saw that there was a training of the spirit, that there was a tuition of the conscience, a growth of heart and a humility of spirit which no school training and no smart accomplishments, no successful "career" could supplant or make good.

So when we lay the perishable part of this brave man in the dust, in this little section of God's Acre, may it be with the thought and the conviction that the spirit which was invoked in this neighborhood by his life, the purpose and mission for which these walls

were reared and were lovingly cared for and attended by this brother, let us realize that these things are his monuments, these are the witnesses to his life and his tenderness.

Many years ago when he was sitting under the shadows and his heart was torn with a great grief,—for John, like all true men, had great capacity for suffering, a woman's capacity for grief,—he sent to me these lines which I had copied in my service book and, unwittingly, saved them for the day of his burial. I know not where he found them, I know that they were a comfort to him, and that they expressed his faith, and I hand them back to you bereaved ones, today, with his indorsement; he has thus countersigned his faith.

"One day we shall find our dear ones,
As sure as we've loved them here,
They cannot escape from affection,
Not e'en in the spaceless sphere;

"As mortals with human longings,
Brave dauntlessly bolts and bars,
Will souls, loving souls, as surely
O'erleap constellations of stars.

"With a sweep of the band of mem'ry
Obliterate space and time,
Draw closer and closer together
To one home in the 'Fairer Clime.'

"Ah, love is not blind.
One day we shall find,
In the limitless dome
The beautiful home
Of our loved ones gone."

One of the many mourners not here today, who was touched with the grace and sweetness of the plodding farmer's life,—wrote these lines and sent them to me yesterday, saying, "For dear Uncle John. How glad I am he is out of his suffering."

"The young may die, but to the old
Death must come as the years attain,
And Mother Nature, nurse erstwhile,
Wraps close her child and with a smile
Claims her beloved again.

"Then grieve not for the silvered head,
The eyes, though dim, that beamed with love,
Rejoice that he has gained the boon
That comes to all, or late or soon,
And grasped the treasure-trove.

"Rejoice, that with earth-work done,
Somewhere, some place, in God's own ken,
His tired hands resting from life's toil,
His heart freed from earth's fret and moil,
He lives, with God, again."

Nature's Ministries

(*To John Lloyd Jones, November, 1906.*)

May the earth and sky and sea
Lend thee gracious ministry,
Little herbs of wood and field
For thy pain their solace yield,
Daily sunshine healing bear
On the soothing wings of air.
May thy hurt be charmed away,
All thy darkness turned to day,
And each sorrow-burdened hour
Lightened be with friendship's power.

Evelyn H. Walker.

Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good. To be and keep so, amid the injuries of man and the severities of Providence, is not the gift of a happy nature alone, but it is strength and heroism.—*Jules Michelet.*

David Swing, Poet-Preacher

BY REV. JOSEPH NEWTON.

CHAPTER XI.

The Poet-Preacher.

In the public mind David Swing was always the Poet-Preacher, an apostle of beauty and culture. But that title, as he wore it, while not accurately descriptive of his genius, had none of the dubious associations of mere flowery emptiness, which is so often carries. There was in him a skyey quality of mind that made every sermon he wrote a chamber of imagery, full of loving and pitying fancies. Some of his pages are little canvases evoking beauty from the gray facts of life, as De Hooge lets the sunlight fall on the rubbish of a back yard and wakens in us a thrill of joy. But, as was said of another, he was too wise to be wholly a poet, yet too truly a poet to be implacably wise. He was more of a sage than a poet, as he was more of an essayist than a preacher. Still, all felt that poetry was in the fiber of his soul, no less than in the form of his thought, a poetry made up of beauty, pity and pathos.

The ideality of Swing was grand. He seemed to live and move in a soft, celestial atmosphere of the good, the beautiful and the true—that realm which all men feel vaguely, mayhap, but which may see dimly as through dull eyes, which Carlyle said seem made of horn. Such a man inspires a kind of awe, and it was inevitable that he should dwell much alone. But he did not, like Emerson, build him a little ideal world of his own, a sky-tent from which the tragedies and sins of life were excluded. Living not wholly in the busy world, nor yet quite beyond it, he "saw life steadily and saw it whole," and nothing human was foreign to him. Quite apart from what he said, apart even from the way in which he said it, men divined in him a tenderness, a human pity, as of one who had eaten his bread in sorrow—the beat of a heart touched to tears by the grave of a child, the cry of a bird startled in the night, or a bud crushed before its blooming. Skeptics felt that, while he was not one of them, he knew how hard a thing faith is to men who live in a world of griefs and graves, beset by doubts and beshadowed by fears. One who looked out upon life with such clear, charitable eyes, and with such high and tender wisdom, cannot be forgotten.

By nature Professor Swing was deeply, quietly, exquisitely religious, though he did not attain to such happiness as the hagiologists tell us is found in the lives of the saints. A sweet sadness was ever-present with him, and even when the trumpets were at their loudest he heard always the low sob of the organ, in its solemn undertone of pathos. But his religiousness was genuine, not the talent for creating an effect of mysticism which is often mistaken for spirituality. No one ever attended a service in Music Hall without feeling that the preacher was more a leading worshiper than a leader of worship. The subtle odor of the jassamine was not more pervasive than the spirit of worship which he diffused as he opened, each Sabbath morning, his alabaster box of prayer. For him there was no spot like the secret place of the Most High, no covering like the shadow of the Almighty. Two prayers may illustrate what cannot be defined, though they cannot recall his artless simplicity, the unaffectedness of his faith, or the grave and tender pathos of his voice:

"Thou eternal, unchanging, loving Father, always powerful, always wise, always near—out of whose blessed bosom we dropped into life—help us to come into Thy presence

gladly. Bless this Thy holy day; a day sacred to a life to come; sacred to the dead. May all the days of the past week make this seem more to us the house of God. May the tumult of the world, its noise, its sadness, its business, its necessities, lead us to enjoy the peace of worship. All days are sacred—all days come from Thy hand—and are full of blessedness and happiness, yet help us to realize that the day of worship is greater than all days. This day, we pronounce Thy holy name; here our hearts melt in song; in this place we read to each other the words of Divine truth. Thou art everything to each one of us. Thy loving kindness is better than life. All of us come to life through Thee; all go from it to Thee; therefore we worship Thee who art the resurrection and the life. May each passing day, each passing scene, reveal more of Thy presence. May we mark the life of Christ, noting his acts, his trust, his love, and so live, doing good as he did, that he may become to each of us a perfect Savior. Send out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead us, even unto the life everlasting. Amen.''

''We, who have so often been worshipers, again assemble. New obligations have sprung up, new sorrows have come upon us. Make more visible Thy presence in the world, more visible Thy relations to us. To other hours and days Thou hast led us along, and hast permitted us once more to meet each other in this house of prayer. Thy goodness that gave us being, Thy power that has been near us and kept us with such mindful care is with us still. And we meet to bless Thee. Though we bring many sins, sins committed against each other (but thus we must come), we come with our penitence and ask for forgiveness. We know we pronounce Thy name with unworthy lips, but we know that we come to one full of mercy; infinite love. Come with Thy blessing and forgiveness, the blessing each heart needs. Fill all Thy sanctuary this hour and all Thy courts this day. Remember those who are bowed low with great sorrows—parted from loved ones. May this life not seem all of life. May we look forward to a better land—the fatherland; look forward to the greatest of parents, most loving, most kind, most wise. Give us faith for today to know Thou art near, and hope for the morrow. Hear us and graciously accept us, for Christ's sake. Amen.''

It was said of Phillips Brooks that he was an artist-preacher; that the note of his intellect was beauty; that its depths, its proportions, were the depths and proportions that go with beauty. But this was far more true of David Swing than it was of Brooks, much as we may hesitate to set the one in any way apart from the other. Rabbi Hirsch said truly that all the thinking of Swing took form and color and character from the poet-soul within him, and that his conception of Christ belonged to the domain of the arts. It was as a great artist that he conceived of God, of Christ, of the kingdom of heaven, and of the life of man. The sense of beauty in him was the highest peak of his soul, and the first to catch the glow of the dawn—the golden bridge across which in troops new thoughts passed into his mind. But Swing was more than an artist, he was a philosopher of the beautiful, inquiring not only into the value of beauty to ethics, but also into its meaning as a witness for God. To him the existence of beauty bespoke an ineffable refinement, a spirituality, at the heart of life, a hallowing presence in the world. Elusive it is, and fleeting, so that we cannot tell what it is, whence it comes or whither it goes. But this he perceived, a beauty-loving God is in the world and man sees His footprints. Our love of beauty, he held, betrays that life is more than meat, that earth is not a stable, nor its food fodder, but that man is a citizen of the City of God. Thus beauty was to him a gate of pearl, that opened into the Good and the True. He meditated much on the mystery of beauty and its ministry to the soul of man, as witness such sermons as The Beautiful is the Useful, Moral Esthetics, Applied Poetry, and An Inwrought Life. But we can mark here only the path of his musings:

''How wonderful is the enchantment of God. For lo! His fields are carpeted with grass, His flowers bloom, and not only reveal beauty but send forth perfume; His dewdrops sparkle like gems; His lily stems are graceful; His vines are festoons, and his trees make Gothic arches in a woodland temple. His beauty is persuasive, not despotic. It silently invites. Nature never drives us if she can avoid it, she prefers to allure us. She makes all things charming. * * * Beauty is gentle, and yet it has a strange power. It touches the soul of man and his rude speech turns into poetry, wild sounds are melted into songs, and a rough stone becomes the statue of a god. Whence comes that form of beauty called music, and whither does it tend? The best descent that reason can find for that art is a descent from an all wise God. It is a spiritual language. No other art tells us so many secrets of the soul, so many memories of heaven. Listening to the risings and fallings of a sacred hymn, we say in our hearts,

''''O! what is this that knows the road I came?'

If we could not answer atheism with an argument we could smother it with a song. * * * All art is life seen through a prism of beauty. Art lifts man out of a pit and reveals to him the world in which he lives. Literature is that part of thought wrought out in the name of the beautiful. A poem like that of Homer, or an essay by a Taine or a Froude, is nothing else than thought ornamented. When truth, in its outward flow, joins beauty, the two rivers make a new stream called 'letters.' Poetry is not fiction; it is truth too great for prose. A novel is human thought, ornamented by the beauty of a woman in love. * * * Nothing is religious that is not beautiful. As the red is in the rose, so beauty was in Christ, his form and color of being. All around his words there hangs, by a strange literary mystery, the quality of him who spoke them—a quality bright as the halo on the forehead of a saint. * * * It must be inferred from this study that there is a moral esthetics which outranks the physical forms of beauty. The moral kingdom does not destroy the other empire. It is the old story of 'empire within empire'; but with this caution that moral beauty is the greater of the two kingdoms. Moral esthetics is what our age now needs. Long ago the ugly vices ought to have been in their grave, and true beauty on her throne. Genius may well sit down and take a long rest. Our task is to fulfill its abundant and varied prophesies, and make its dreams come true. If no Dante now sings of a divine Beatrice the curtain has fallen on the poet only to rise again upon the vision of a real woman, greater than his dream girl. What Dante saw in a vision our age creates. This is an era of applied thought. Beauty, poetry, religion must be applied to life. Let us attempt to make humanity become what genius has painted it, that there may no longer be a discord between art and life. * * * But it is said that this is poetry. The charge is true. But this also is true: Our world is founded upon poetry. Poetry is not an overstatement of truth, it is an effort of the soul to reach reality. It is better to live a poem than to write a poem.''

As a thinker Professor Swing was of the contemplative sort, meditative rather than speculative, and somewhat of a brooder by habit. He was not of those restless, audacious minds that seek to make the scheme of things over on their own plan and desire. The strange and solemn beauty of the world subdued him, and its mystery touched him with a sense of his own littleness. He was content to wonder, and ponder, where others dared to doubt, to deny, or worse still, to dogmatize. After his love of beauty, perhaps, it was a mysterious largeness and tenderness of mind that impressed one more than all else. This it was—this sense of the vastness of the universe, of the fleetingness of beauty, of the evanescence of all things mortal—that led one to say of him that he was Marcus Aurelius turned Christian. The impression was that of one who saw things in large relations and long perspectives, as from some high watch-tower of outlook. His imagination followed the pilgrim human host along all the winding ways of its earth-journey, marking its temples and its tombs, its trials, its struggles, and its slow stumblings forward. The scene awed him, made him tender and pensive of heart, but it also gave him that lucid and calm optimism which was one of the charms of his ministry. He knew too much of the past to despair of the future, and he trusted to the soft pressure upon man of an unseen world. This musing, meditative genius, with his wise idealism that did not disdain the real, made him at-

tractive to men, especially to men of action and affairs. His largeness of view corrected their narrow outlook, and his optimism was as light from above on a dusty road.

One knows not how to exhibit a quality which was never absent from his thought, and which ripened with the years, as more and more the world of spirit rose to absolute sway over his mind, and the worlds of industry, science, philosophy, literature and human fellowship yielded up their meaning in that awful yet gracious light. In such sermons as The Moral River, The Value of Yesterday, The Historical Scene, Theology and Time, and The Solitude of the Earth, one sees it at its best. Typical of all is the sermon on The Idealists—over which hangs the beautifully sustained suggestion of God working with and in and for man. We read:

"The quest after ideals is the central reason of life. This pursuit abandoned, life need not run along any further. The pitcher is broken at the fountain. Nothing is too good to be true. By a common law of logic the fittest will survive, and that ought to live longest which contains the most reason for being. In noble ideals there is something aggressive. They are not aggressive like an army with gun and spear, but aggressive like the sun which coaxes a June out of a winter. * * * The idealists are creating a human world after the pattern shown them in the mount. Each art stands as a monument to a host of idealists who in their own day perhaps toiled hopelessly and amid the sneers of those who were only the children of dust. Music, now so infinite in extent and sweetness, is such a monument. The first rude harps are broken and lost; dead the hands which smote them, but the art is here with no enchantment lost. We do not know the names of those singers. They passed through our world. Like us they were pilgrims. They had to pass into the beyond, but they left an art which the world loves. It was so of liberty, of temperance, of justice, of all the higher forms of life. * * * Some speak of ideals as being only girls' dreams. On the opposite, high ideals are lifelike portraits seen in advance. Only the greatest minds living in an age of tyranny could see in prophecy the portrait of a free people. Instead of being a romantic dream an ideal is often a long mathematical calculation by an intellect as logical as that of Euclid. Idealism is not the ravings of a maniac, but it is the calm geometry of life. * * * This one perceives who takes a long view—the triumph of ideality over apathy, indolence and dust. There is nothing in history, dark as much of it is, to check the belief that man will at last be overcome by his highest ideals."

The passage of Matthew Arnold, in "Sohrab Rustum," telling of the composing and steadying effect which a commerce with the ancients has upon the mind, might have been written of Professor Swing. He united the classical simplicity of the antique world with the alert and alive intelligence of our modern day. The same hand that drew "An Old Picture of Life," or "A Roman Home," and "A Greek Orator" wrote the essay on "The Enlarged Church," and the sermons on The Breadth of Man's Life, The Advancing Beauty of Society, and The Greater Tomorrow. He who walked in the valley of the shadows of "The Submerged Centuries," who saw the soul of Greece rise from the tomb in the Renaissance, personified in "Olympia Morata," also looked out upon his own age and beheld A New Naturalism, A New Positivism, A New Chivalry, The Advent of Woman, and a Scientific Christianity. This is ever the mission of the genuine scholar, to see the reality beneath the appearance, to reveal the sky above and the river-bed below the flow of years, to focus the light of his comprehensive studentship upon the immediate path of man. He is the mediator of truth to men who are in the midst of the hard realities of life, and who need the leadership of light.

As a scholar Professor Swing had none to surpass him in the pulpit of his day. Not merely in palpable allusion, but in the temper of his mind, the method of his approach to truth, his judgments of men and things, his tolerance, his catholicity, were to be discerned the most perfect fruits of learning. His sermons were devoid of glare or anything akin to brassy brilliancy, but full of the suggestion of years of quiet rumination. The indefinable atmosphere of great books was upon him—their intellectual message, their human interest and the grace and charm of their art. Whole literatures had distilled their essence into his mind, and quaint, odd, fantastic books had added their part to his fund of graceful knowledge. He knew the lives of great men—inventors, explorers, orators, authors, rulers, saints, men of state, actors and musicians—their habits, oddities and labors. He knew what had been the achievements of thought in Egypt and India. He knew the art of Italy. He knew the triumphs and problems of modern research. He knew what the great writers of romance had said and taught. In a single sermon one might often detect contributions of fact, or reference, or incident, brought from almost all lands and ages, and from almost every realm of study. All knowledge seemed to be his, and he was master of it.

One despairs of giving more than a passing glimpse of the wealth and range of his thought. Visiting a great forest in June, one cannot bear home all the great trees, but only a few twigs from oak or elm. He was at home in his library, and his views of literature —to select a theme near at hand—are not only interesting but inspiring: Thus:

"Literature proper is a gallery of spiritual ideals. There we meet Antigone and Hypatia and Evangeline; there we meet all the dream faces that ever stood before the soul of genius; there we meet Christ himself. It is that sacred mountain top upon which humanity becomes transfigured and passes a few hours in shining garments for the body and in rapture for the soul. Man should expand those hours into days."

"All literature is one and the same thing—the utterance of the human heart. Let its name be Greek or German or English, it abounds in religion, pathos, sympathy, loving kindness. It has always been the portrait of man's inmost feelings. It is the beauty and wisdom of God attempting to

"The strings of the harp called 'letters' are attached to reappear in the life of man."

the heart. Touch literature anywhere and the human face flushes. At the mention of the word human life in sadness or joy comes before us; Helen of Troy poses in gracefulness; Andromache and her child part from Hector; the plumed Achilles hurries along in his chariot; the woods whisper; the nightingale sings; Dante and Beatrice appear; Hamlet acts; Ophelia dies; Paul and Virginia make of Mauritius a paradise and a grave; 'Little Doritt' is the beautiful dove of the prison; Fantine sleeps in a hillock which soft rain levels and flowers conceal. Literature is not learning. It is man's holiest passion."

"The Greek language is still almost an unsurpassed tongue. Eighteen hundred years have added only a small area to the scope of that vast speech. There is scarcely a question of the present day that was not reviewed by the Greek thinkers and stowed away in their manuscripts. Their essays on education, upon health, upon art, upon amusements, upon war, read almost as though they were written yesterday. Even that question which seems our own, the creation and property of this generation, Whether woman shall vote and follow many pursuits, is fully discussed in Plato's 'Ideal Republic.'"

"Literature is running in advance of the pulpit. There are three reasons for this leadership. The literary mind has all the world to draw from. If you will read Carlyle or Hugo or Motley and then read a volume of sermons you will note the great difference between the breadth of the two forms of reflection and speech. Literary men are released from the authority that dominates the fields of theology. Their style and subject matter are as flexible as silk. Their harp not only plays many tunes but it is permitted to learn all the new pieces of music. High literature speaks for mankind, not for a sect or a party. What was the gospel of Browning? What that of Tennyson? What that of Emerson or Whittier? All are soldiers of Christ indeed, but of Christ incarnate in human character and human deeds."

(*To be continued.*)

What Should Be the Attitude of the Liberal Man Toward the Conservative Convictions and Methods of the Modern Church?

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE "OUTLOOK CONFERENCE," FEB. 24TH, BY REV. B. H. GREENE, PASTOR 1ST BAPTIST CHURCH, EVANSTON, ILL.

It is a fact that the modern church is conservative. Here and there exceptions will be found where a liberal man could speak forth his views without reserve and be constructively helpful. His message would be an illumination rather than a challenge. I suspect, however, that even here, among any of the so-called orthodox churches, one would find not a few hearts perplexed and grieved, sometimes suffering in silence, and sometimes speaking the wonder they feel as to what this new view of things will lead to. This is the exceptional church. In the ordinary church, found anywhere in city or country, where men and women are doing religious work, the great majority are holding doctrinal convictions of fifty or a hundred years ago. They support the ministry, they are workers in the Bible School, they back up our missionary enterprise and are the bone and sinew of philanthropic activity. Historic criticism, comparative religion, psychological research, scientific findings have not penetrated to where they live religiously and changed their convictions as to the Bible and the methods of its interpretation.

The question before us is, therefore, important; all the more important because it is practical, not merely academic and philosophical. Most assuredly we are confronted with a condition and not a theory.

And, then, too, we are to bear in mind that the terms "liberal" and "conservative" are elastic. Few are in the extreme. Many are at intervening degrees. I attended a meeting a few weeks since where the author of "The Finality of the Christian Religion" was looked upon and treated as a conservative. This fact, that there is a gradation of view, various stages in the advance along which so-called liberal men are scattered, when you actually apply latitude and longitude calculation, throws a luminous flash on the question in hand. We are not all in one place theologically. Some of us are constitutionally more conservative than others. Some began the liberalizing investigation more recently. In such persons time has not wrought its full maturing work. Books and companionships, dropping in at opportune junctures, have been stronger factors with some than with others, in creating environment and breathing in atmosphere. I have no doubt quite a number of us here remember some hard battles fought all alone in the soul years ago; battles like those of F. W. Robertson, Romones and Metheson; and through how much time since then have we been wrestling with problems intimately related with that early battle, problems not fully settled yet; and, still, we would be called liberal. As to labels, it is a matter of comparison. As to fact, it is a matter of growth. I take the position that when we, in our variety of stages, remember what we once were, when we take into account our leisure for study our intellectual outfit for discriminating judgment, what books and companionships have done for us over and above what they could do for the rank and file, our attitude toward conservative convictions and methods of the modern church should be mediatory and patient. To be sure, it may be said our leisure, outfit and companionships are for the very purpose of fitting us to lead the rank and file. Yes, it is our business to lead. And that is the very point. Boldly stating our latest findings does not cover the case in hand. We should not expect conservative laymen to come up at once to our position which has cost us a struggle of years. Their human nature needs time, initial adjustments, tactful appeal and leading, the new view in its climate and atmosphere rather than in its pugnacious iconoclasm; in other words, the law of gradual approach.

We are talking about two parties; not one alone. What shall be the attitude of one toward the other? The question is how shall one party help the other party? A sermon is not simply what one man thinks. Its aim is not to empty the preacher's mind into a completeness of external logical statement. It is rather a selection of the preacher's thinking, made in view of the hearer's condition, stage of experience and ability to understand. The preaching of a complete sermon, a finished segment of a theological system, is not his real aim, but rather to produce a helpful religious impression which shall lead to a yearning after the whole truth.

These conservative men in the church believe in God, in his righteousness and love, in the special revelation of himself in Christ, in the universal application of the Gospel, in the duty and high privilege of moral conduct as growing out of religious conviction and hope, in the disclosure of the principles of such conduct in the Bible and in the life everlasting. Here is a body of positive religious stuff that we can count on. Of course there are those who fall short; there are dead carcasses and hypocrites all along the line. They are not bunched in together at either extreme.

The question is what shall the attitude of the fair, typical liberal man be toward the great body of good church people who hold conservative convictions, *e. g.*, such convictions as he once held, concerning the formation of the Bible, methods of its interpretation and the seat of religious authority. These are great questions and have to do with religion itself, in its higher appreciation and development; but we must admit there have been lives of spiritual exaltation, heroic saints, sacrificing missionaries, splendid fatherhood and motherhood, renowned statesmanship, and self-denying social reformers, who have believed in verbal inspiration, have read the sentences of the first three chapters of Genesis as literal historic statement and accepted the extreme substitutionary idea of the atonement. When we get down to pray, when we try to lead a person to surrender his will to God, we act very much as these men have acted. The intermediate theories were wrong, but they did get at the living God on the other side and feel his commanding, drawing power. Theory about life is one thing; to come into touch with the real life is another and even more important thing. A wrong theory is not the supremest folly or even hindrance. "In the latter part of the 18th century Joseph Black developed his theory of latent heat, which, although founded upon a false notion of the nature of heat, was a most important contribution to science." What I am urging is not acquiescence in a wrong theory, but keeping in mind there is religious life behind and beneath the wrong theory worth being patient with. After all there is a large body of common, positive religious stuff to deal with in expectation that it will respond to steady shining of the light and to an inexhaustible streaming in of warm love which, mother-like, consents to hover even this childish stage.

You cannot take the same course in every case.

For example, dealing with a minister who clings to prejudice and provokes debate is another proposition from dealing with a church. Tell the minister to brace up, know his business, learn something for himself and be competent to teach others also. Toward a sluggish-minded leader, toward one who is shifty and tricky and orthodox because it is easy or popular, our attitude should be that of Nathan with an indignant index finger pointing at recreant David. There is plenty of New Theology in the Bible itself to answer a fool with. After all, some men will have to die and go to heaven before they know any more, some die daily and progressively know more here, and some are born with the new breath already in their nostrils.

I have a conviction. I am an advocate. I do not pretend to cover the whole situation. I emphasize that which, as it seems to me, leads into the center of the difficulty. I realize how easy it is, in such emphasis, to expose oneself to honest criticism with many a perplexing question—questions it would puzzle me to answer. Somebody's logic will surely trip me. But where you deal with life, with will and feeling as well as thinking in it, you never can describe a complete circle, shut life within it and call your work closed up. Personality touches personality; it is not simply a tussle of intellect with intellect. Feeling, will, and also unnamable qualities in the mysterious deeps of the soul, participate in the struggle and help or hinder the victorious issue. I must say my conviction is born of intuition and nursed into ability to walk a little by experience. Feeling and will must enter primarily and mouldingly into our attitude toward those whose religion is in large part feeling and will.

Finally, let me give, in cluster, a few short sentences which may suggestively outline the attitude of the liberal leader to the conservative church. Put your positive first; put it second and third. Do not put your negative first. Let the common religious inheritance take everlasting precedence. There is abundant agreement between you and the conservative. Keep close to his religious experience behind all doctrinal phraseology. Make him sure you are with him there. In any argument to lead him up to the new view, or down to profounder conception, always leave him with one foot on what seems to him adamantine security. In this way you imitate Dante, who says:

> "The way resumed I on the desert slope
> So that the firm foot ever was the lower."

Put no chip on your shoulder. Do not appear as an iconoclast. As far as the east is from the west steer clear of the practice in certain German commentaries of citing other views merely to knock them over. Let destructive work never make the distinctive impress of your sermon; let that be quiet, out of sight, so far as possible, like the subtle process of elmination in physiological growth. Study and pray to be, and to be known as a religious man, a spiritual preacher, a lover of the truth, having reverence for the Bible, and yet showing you have caught the free, daring spirit of the prophets and the Christ.

Do not hurry: have faith. For all things are possible, yet at any one time and place only one thing is possible. And all things are good, yet at any one time and place can you extract the good only from that which is before you.

A Voice From the Pews

V.

WAYSIDE REFRESHMENTS!

The full physical significance of the title of the inspiring sermon preached last Sunday by our pastor can hardly be comprehended by one who has never gone on a literal pilgrimage. The Voice vividly recalls more than one "pilgrimage" across the "Great American Desert"—now erased from the maps—before the railroad was thought to be a possibility, and remembers the slow pace, the long, hot days, and the longer white road that seemed interminable; the anxious scanning of the dead level of sand waste to see if one friendly tree broke the horizon line; the traveling for two, three and four days sometimes without the beneficient shade so longed for, till finally the "Rockies" broke on our eyes. Truly does the Voice know the blessedness of

> "The shadow of a mighty rock
> Within a weary land."

It would be worse than effrontery for me to attempt to give here any adequate idea of the beauty and power of that sermon, and the Voice rejoices that such a goodly number both of members and strangers were moved to go "to the synagogue" last Sunday, and so heard it for themselves. For the benefit of the "shut-ins" and the readers of UNITY at a distance the writer hopes that the truly inspired and inspiring sermon may be printed in full in UNITY.

There were two thoughts in particular that the writer would like to dwell on today, viz.—that "only running water purifies and regenerates;" second, "the inspiration of perspiration;" but as these two thoughts have been so beautifully worked out by one of our poets I will give myself the pleasure of placing some of her lines before you:

> "'Labor is worship!' the robin is singing;
> 'Labor is worship!' the wild bee is singing;
> Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
> Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
> From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
> From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
> From the small insect, the rich coral bower:
> Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.
>
> * * *
>
> "Labor is life! 'tis the still water faileth;
> Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
> Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth;
> Flowers droop and die in stillness of noon.
> Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
> Only the waving wing changes and brightens,
> Idle hearts only the dark future brightens.
> Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!
>
> * * *
>
> "Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth;
> Rich the queen's robes from the cocoon floweth:
> From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
> Temple and statue the marble block hides."
> "Work for some good, be it ever so slowly!
> Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly!
> Labor!—all labor is noble and holy:
> Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God."
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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

BOER INDUSTRIES EXHIBIT AT CAPE TOWN.—With ever-increasing momentum, the industrial work so prophetically started by Miss Emily Hobhouse in the devastated districts of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, moves on, the field broadening, and events following one another with a rapidity that is fascinating and even startling. In her thirty-second letter, just received, Miss Hobhouse indicates how the very fulness of her success and triumph brings new problems and anxieties. For the first time on any large scale at least, she has exhibited the products of her schools and pupils outside of the former Boer republics. Writing from Cape Town, under date of March 5, she gives this vividly suggestive outline of results:

It has been delightful to come down here among old friends again, and to enjoy the beauty of the Cape peninsula and be amused at the contrition of those, who three years ago, laughed at our enterprise and poured cold water on our ideas and hopes; then they scoffed, now they send their tailors to buy and make them suits.

We had a three days' exhibition in the beautiful old Good Hope hall—spacious and light enough to set off the goods. We hung the walls on both sides the entire length with heavy rugs of many hues, which gave a glowing effect, almost oriental. At one end, we arranged two rooms to hang our curtains and portieres and the best rugs and carpets on the floor. These rooms were in suites of color. We had two long stalls of blankets, shawls, Dutch-bonnets, couvre-pieds and sundries, and two stalls entirely given up to tweeds; others for white and cream cloths.

Besides, we had a good number of costumes made from our stuffs by a French tailor, among which were a tweed travelling dress and a really beautiful long, white cloth coat, both made to order.

Mr. Merriman (prime minister of Cape Colony) opened the sale with a very good speech and all the chief people of the town were present. It had hardly begun when Hepworth, a large firm of outfitters, with twenty-five branches through South Africa, came and offered to buy the whole stock of tweeds, £170 worth. I was obliged to refuse, as we had offered them to the general public and gentlemen were already selecting their own. But honestly, the tailors have pursued me till I have no peace.

It was quite a revelation to the Cape people and the artistic work was greatly admired. Several people wanted to buy the pomegranate portiere tapestry—very handsome—and at last the original purchaser was made to give it up to some one who wished to send it to New York. Lady Hutchinson (the governor's wife) bought the moonflower curtains, which were very lovely. Members of Parliament hurrying home to distant provinces, bought rolls of tweed and were seen wending their way down to the station, each carrying his purchase under his arm. The premier and the governor each bought an ulster length; the speaker, Mr. James Molteus, bought a suit, and his tailor tells him it will *never* wear out. Maybe this is at once its merit and its drawback. But I cannot dwell too long on these details, or tell you all the fun we had out of it, after the hard work and previous anxiety as to the issue.

So very much depended upon the way the public received these tweeds and, in spite of various criticisms, they are a success. The public, or at least individual gentlemen, may be swayed by curiosity, novelty and patriotic sentiment, but I go by the tailors and the general outfitters, several of whom offered to take *all* we can supply regularly. But the success brings anxieties. As to Pretoria, so here, men came prowling around to see, and I hear that now a syndicate is forming in the North to start a factory, and boldly prints that it will employ the girls trained in our weavery! I do not know how this will end.

The second day the speaker opened the show with a good speech, in which he mentioned all those who had, by their contributions, really done the work. Olive Schreiner, the well-known writer, was to have opened the sale on that date, but her heart and asthma were unusually bad and drove her away inland. Very sincerely yours,

EMILY HOBHOUSE.

Those in all lands who have been long interested in this enterprise, will now watch developments with a keen solicitude lest the legitimate fruit of this pioneer industry be stolen away from those who had the insight, courage and persistence to establish it in the face of manifold difficulties close at hand and of scoffing, indifference and utterly uncertain support from the prosperous world outside. Let us hope that there may be some protection in the government support now promised in both the grateful whilom republics. Meanwhile one would much like to know the ultimate destination of the beautiful pomegranate rug said to be on its way to New York.

From Switzerland comes word that still another case of beautiful old spinning wheels is being packed for Miss Hobhouse and will be shipped, expenses paid. M. E. H.

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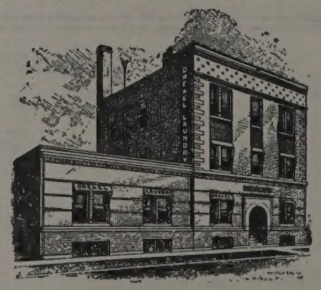

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